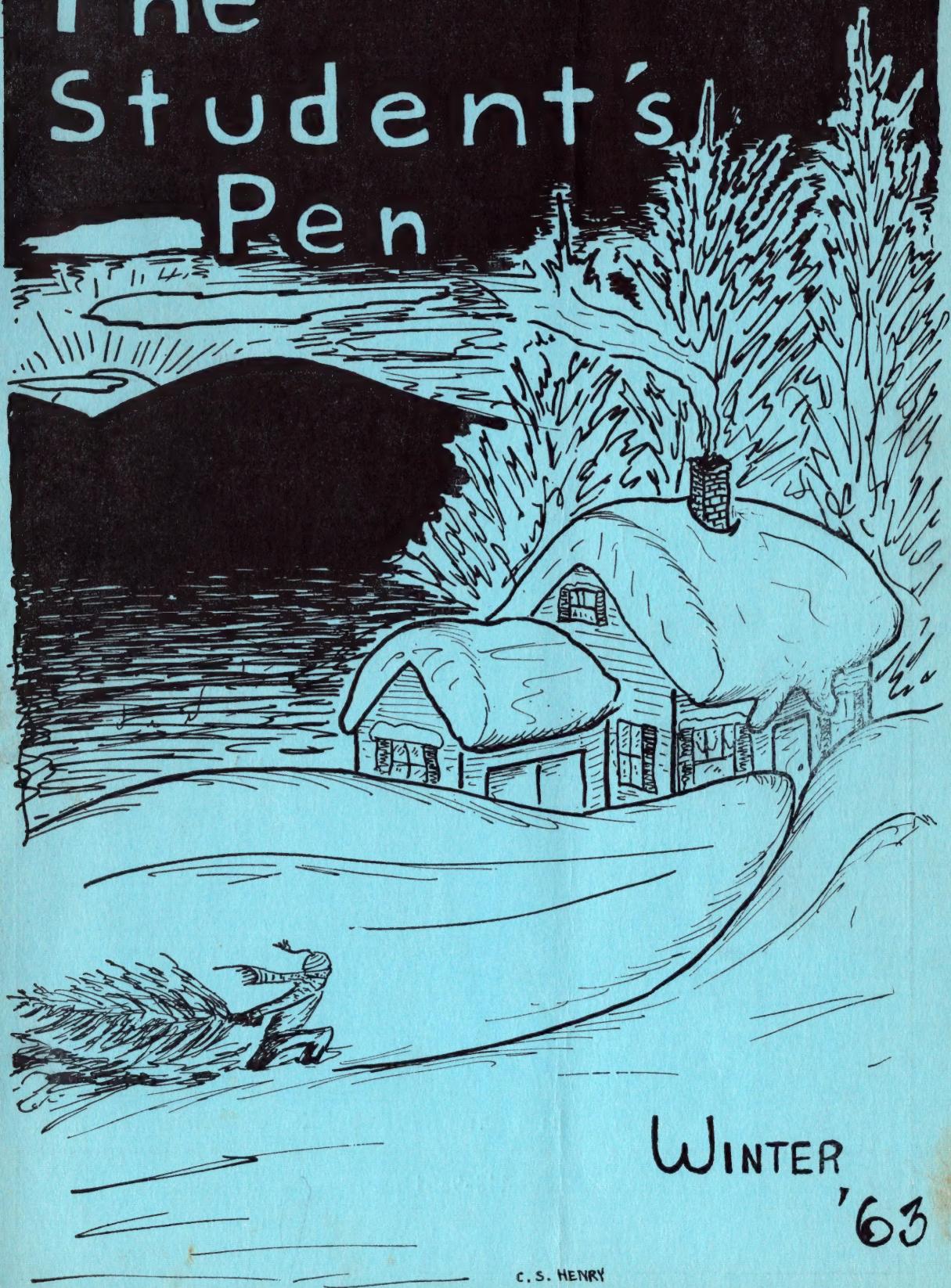
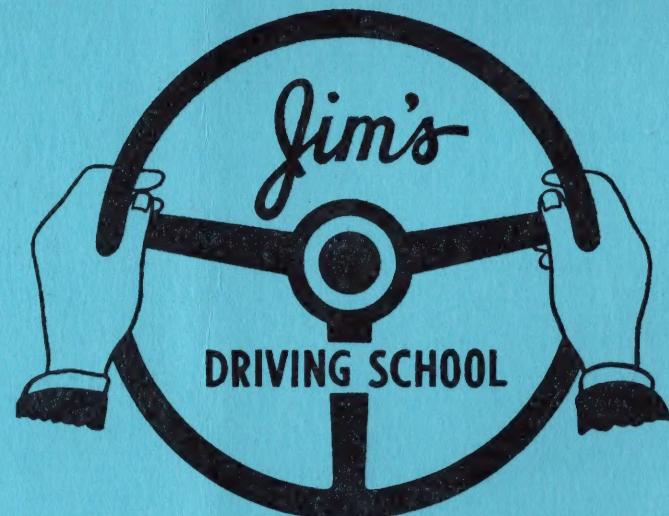


The Student's Pen



WINTER
'63

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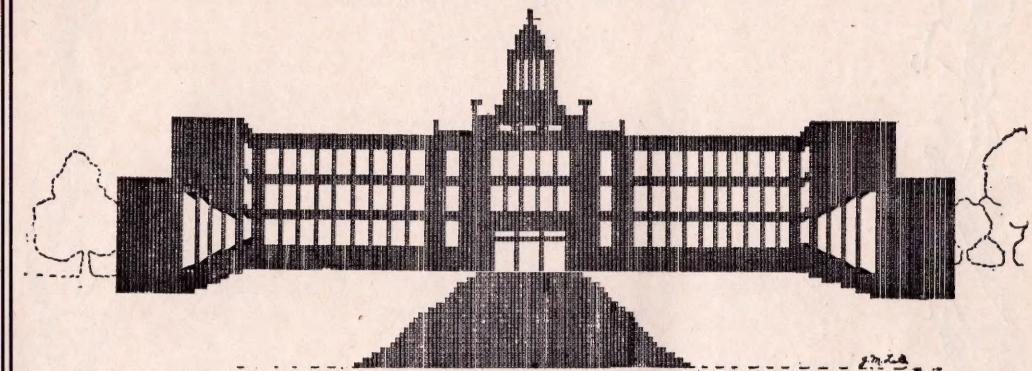
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Subscription

PETER DANCKERT

G. H.

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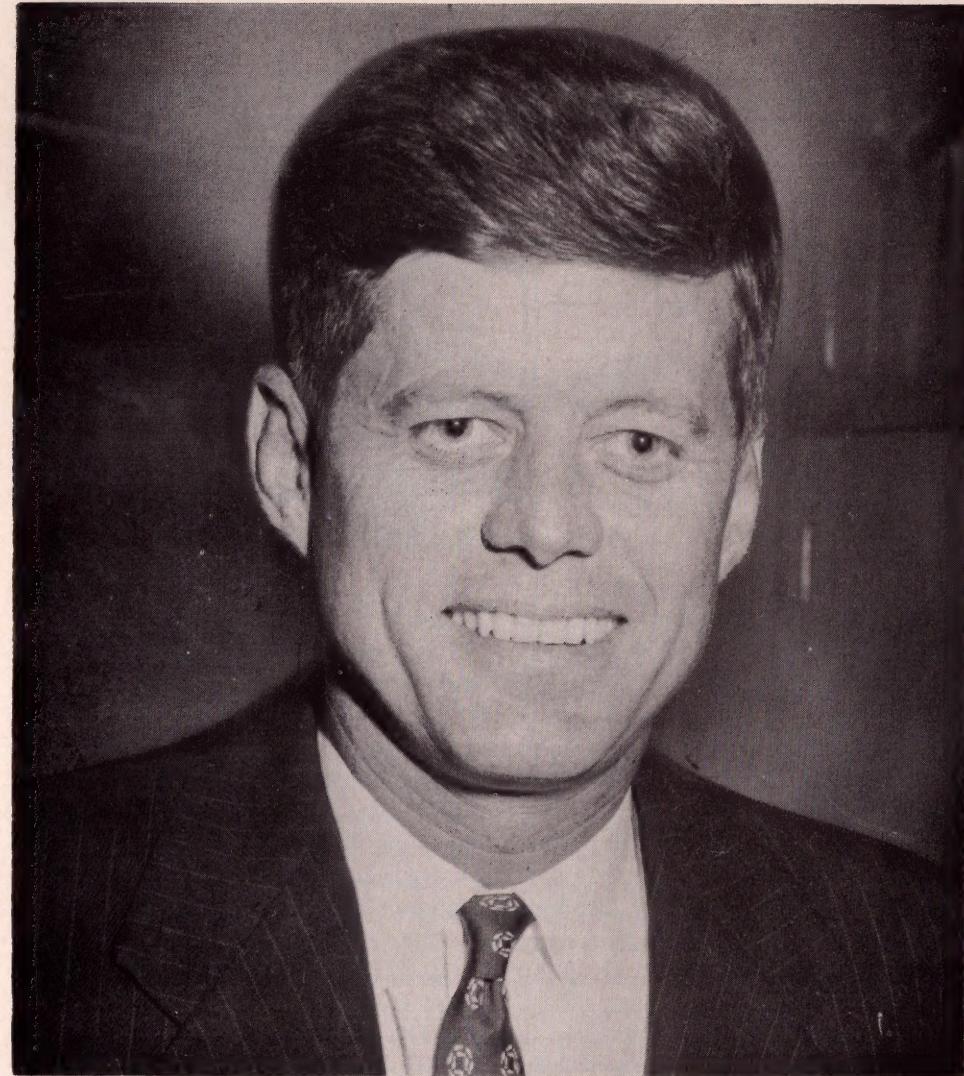


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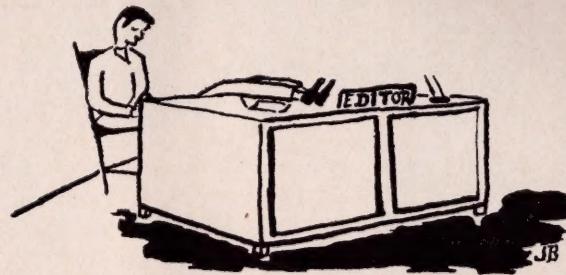


In Memoriam

The world mourns the passing of a great statesman.
 The nation mourns the loss of its leader.
 The people mourn the death of a great man.
 His death touched everyone.
 To the people of our generation—the students of Pittsfield High School—
 he was the leader at the time we began to look outside ourselves.
 When our generation was coming of age, John Kennedy was heading
 the government.
 He was an ideal, a hero.
 His death shocked us and shattered many illusions that it could not happen
 in this country.
 We grieve the loss of a great human being.

K.S.

EDITORIALS



Oh Say, Can You See?

By Kathie Shelton, '64

IMMEDIATELY after the announcement of the national anthem, the crowd grew quiet. Groans of displeasure echoed throughout the stands as students rose from their seats one by one. The band began to play slowly and majestically; the flag waved in the breeze. At first, I was impressed with the picture of hundreds of spectators standing at attention and saluting their flag. But a closer inspection showed what a mockery they were making of this solemn ceremony. Students were laughing and talking; some were scrambling for seats; some were pushing and shoving in playful attempts to topple others. A confetti fight broke out a few rows in front of me. Those whose actions had attracted a few disapproving glances suddenly tried to adopt solemn faces. They folded their hands and glanced down at their feet. They were ashamed; however, the sudden change of face did not amend the situation. Their thoughts were not any closer to the occasion than before. They were embarrassed because they had received some disgusted glares from various observers. The reason for the disgusted glares remained a mystery to them, but not an intriguing mystery that might cause them to inquire. They shut their minds until the next time. Even those that seemed attentive obviously were not focusing on the correct train of thought. A

very serious-looking boy broke his silence to inquire "Hey, does St. Joe have a band?"

I was not aware that it was possible to flaunt such an out and out lack of respect. It is true that the flag is only a symbol, but it is an important one. If you were to ask someone what it stands for, you would probably hear, "Well, the red is for the blood, and the blue . . ." Of course the colors are symbolic, but the flag as a *whole* is the important symbol. Our flag represents our country.

Would that crowd have been so inattentive if the President had been there? Certainly not. The stands would have been filled with reverent, attentive spectators—an assembly of hypocrites.

The presence of an important official will not cure the lack of respect, for this state can only be remedied by self-instruction. Everyone must realize the history that stands behind that flag and the future which lies ahead of it. How can modern youth demand to vote at eighteen? He does not even know or show respect for the country he could rule with that power. The youth must exhibit responsibility before he can be trusted and particularly before he can be empowered to vote. Respect for the flag of his country is called for. The lack of respect is not indicative of a mature individual.

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From South of the Border

By Irene Harris, '64 and Holly Hinman, '64

WE IN the United States hear a great deal about the beauties of Brazil and of Rio de Janeiro in particular. Yet Amaly Jabor, the Brazilian student at Pittsfield High School, thinks Rio is not particularly striking. She does think the Berkshires are quite attractive. She plans to stay in the United States through next June. Amaly herself is twenty-one and has completed three years of college. She entered school at the age of six (there is no kindergarten in Brazil), and from that time until she entered Pittsfield High School she has been enrolled in private girls' schools. She readily says that she prefers a coeducational school. In high school, Amaly studied Portuguese, French, English, Latin (which she detested), mathematics, world history and geography, and science (which is not stressed). The subjects at her school were approximately as difficult as those at Pittsfield High School. Amaly studies commercial subjects here in the United States.

Although particularly enjoying American television and movies, Amaly loves all aspects of American life. When asked what

advantages she expects to derive from her study in the United States, Amaly says, "I shall return to Brazil with direct knowledge of American life. I shall have gained experience."

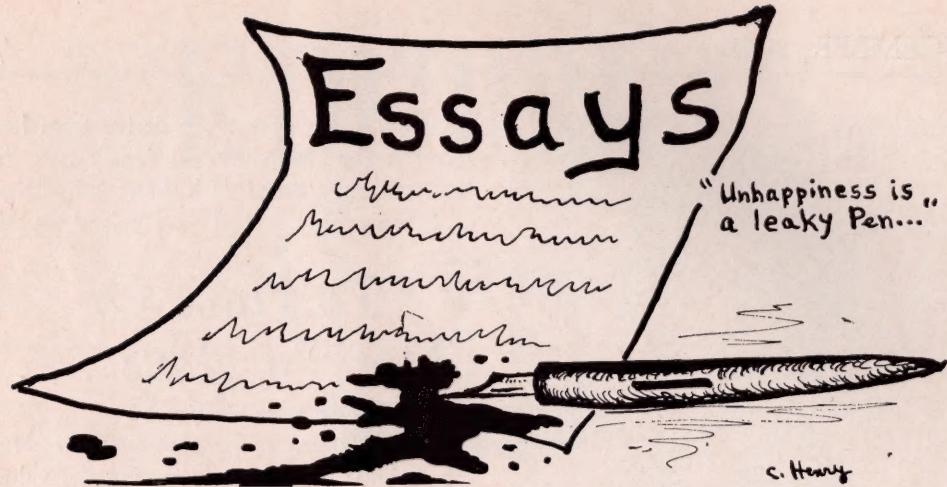
To Have Or Not To Have . . .

By Peter Simkin, '64

THERE seems to be controversy among national educators concerning the value of the CEEB (College Entrance Examination Boards). These tests, originally devised to serve as a basis for selection of college candidates, have been used by many colleges as the basis for selection. As a result, many qualified students have been denied admission to the college of their choice simply because their test results were judged unacceptable against the standards established by the college.

Let us consider the case of student A, who worked diligently throughout his high school career so he could qualify for very exclusive college X. Then the day to take the college boards finally arrived. Student A was ninety percent nervous and the other ten percent, well, it was anything but confident. The pressure on him was insurmountable because college X required superior scores. Now this atmosphere certainly was not conducive to his giving a top performance. It was quite the opposite. Unfortunately student A succumbed to the adverse conditions and had a "bad day." Say "goodbye" to college X, student A.

This appears to be totally unfair and it is. Many colleges are weighing four years of high school work equally against a several hour examination. One possible solution would be to de-emphasize the importance of the tests. However, the situation might just repeat itself. The only other answer would be to abolish these examinations. At the present, the problem still exists. Any suggestions, student A?



My Brother-Is The World Ready For Him?

By Debbie Monteleone, '65

TO PEOPLE my age, many questions are posed, "What do you want to be in life? What career are you planning to follow?" Frequently, from people my age, this question is answered, "I don't know." It is probable that at some time we all have dreamed of what we would like to do or be when we grow up, but these ambitions were short-lived because a week later we had new hopes or because we found a reason why we could never live such a life. For example, I wanted to be a nurse until the night I became violently sick while watching "Dr. Kildare." I also wanted to be Tarzan's "Jane" in the movies up to the day I fell five long feet to the hard "jungle" floor while swinging on a branch of our neighbor's willow tree. My point is that young people are often undecided about their careers. But take hope, world! I can now report that I have encountered a person who is not completely undecided about what he wishes to do; his only problem is choosing between a number of jobs open to him. This person is my brother, Bill, referred to by others as "Waldo" though I have no idea why. He is thirteen.

It was only a month ago, while sitting at the dinner table, that he calmly yet firmly announced to my parents that he had not as

yet decided whether he would play center field for the New York Yankees, quarterback for the Giants, center for the Boston Celtics, or become a professional golfer. Naturally, my parents—or my father at least—were pleased to see that he did not waste his time with the amateurs or even express a desire to capture every gold medal at the Olympics, but rather aimed for the professionals—the ones who make the money.

My mother, however, was slightly distraught about the entire matter and attempted (for approximately one hour) to discourage all these ambitions.

"What about college? Everyone needs a college education today," she reasoned. I believe that at this particular point she felt she had him beaten. But my brother made a quick reply assuring her that he would either be awarded at the very least one scholarship or he would simply postpone his education at Amherst (or was it M.I.T.) until he had become rich from his earnings on the professional circuit.

She argued that he would never make enough money and would just become a BUM (Mom has wonderful reasoning)!

"Do you know how much money Mickey Mantle signed for this season?" he asked. He

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raised his voice slightly and quoted a considerable sum.

"Peanuts!" my mother sniffed.

"Peanuts?!!" Now he was shouting. Then for a while he just stared at her unbelievingly.

I, as was my habit, did not remain silent throughout this conversation and from time to time offered what I considered most helpful and pertinent opinions. But each met with the same reply, "Oh, what do you know," from my brother and "Darling, please, I'd rather do it myself," from Mom.

"How many Mickey Mantles do you think there are?" she tried again.

"Not very many, which means they'll be lookin' for me when I get there."

After this response, my mother returned to money, pointing out that the more money he made the larger income tax he would have to pay. But as my brother continued to list high earnings of golfers, baseball players, basketball players and others, my mother began to realize she was not making the point she intended; and she also noticed my father was about to switch sides and say something in his son's defense.

At this point, she promptly picked up her dinner plate and announced the dishes had to be done. Naturally, everyone quickly left the room and also the subject of my brother's future.

However, after deep consideration and meditation on this issue, it is my conclusion that Mickey Mantle will never be out of a job because of "Waldo" who has just announced that after leaving the Little League he is thinking of not "trying out" for "Babe Ruth," but concentrating more on golf and notifying Arnold Palmer that he is on the way.

MISTLETOE

By Arlene Jaffe, '64

One can never really know,
If mistletoe is friend or foe.
Mr. X, tall and nice—
Mistletoe, a great device.
Mr. Y, gross and queer—
Mistletoe, omit next year!

I Like Numbers

By Kirt Stanfield, '65

RECENTLY, the comic strip *Li'l Abner* has been making a mockery out of what I feel are the most progressive and sensible steps taken by our nation since the adoption of standard time. I am speaking of course about the trend toward standardizing our communications and bookkeeping systems with the aid of our decimal number system. This extension of mathematics for the purpose of facilitating speed and order, has affected not only telephone numbers, but has simplified addresses, and given the old account number used by so many stores offering charge accounts, a new meaning.

Specifically, the recent series in *Li'l Abner* portrays a group of generals in Washington who are trying to place a long distance call, and who have forgotten the number and area code necessary to reach "Information." To me this attitude of mockery seems to be typical of many modern Americans, who instead of appreciating the value of the great improvements made possible in their lives by the use of numbers, complain that their lives are becoming too complicated. I believe that if these people would only take the time necessary to learn how to make the most efficient use out of these innovations, they would in fact find that their minds would be much less cluttered than beforehand.

Take one common example, the telephone system. Many people are horrified by numbers like 212-555-3468, but it was probably these same good souls who used to complain about how long it took to place a long distance call before the advent of ten digit numbers. Also, they were probably the ones who became so upset with the poor operators who didn't know that Aunt Sarah lives in a town with the same name as cousin Mary's, but in a different county. With the new system you don't have to spell out names of towns, people, or streets.

At least the Telephone Company is for-

tunate in that it isn't dependent upon congressional appropriations as is the Post Office Department, whose attempts to keep abreast of the times are often thwarted by public pressure on Congress. Such will probably be the fate of the Zip Code, the new nationwide numbering system, which was supposed to speed up deliveries, and mollify those who complain about the time it takes a letter to cross a continent. It has however been the most ardent complainers who have refused to use the system, because it "complicates" their lives.

It seems to me that these good natured little souls who wish to keep everything simple are on the wrong track. For, in order to return to the numberless simplicity which they desire, we would all have to become members of a medieval society in which ruling lords could assign us names, houses and lands to work.

Class Privileges

By Frances Monterosso, '64

ABOUT a year and a half ago, I was a poor, uninformed, abused sophomore. I consider my sophomore year of high school to be the worst. Being a tenth grader, one of the babies of the school, I was subjected to just about every prank the dear juniors, and the noble seniors could think up.

I still shudder when I recall the time that I asked one girl where the library was located. With an air of dignity, she led me to the center stairs. I was told to go up for four flights, until I came to a small door; there, I would find the school's beautiful open-air library. Feeling a little like Alice-in-Wonderland, I climbed the stairs and attempted to open the door. I found it locked. I was rather disappointed. But later, my disappointment turned to anger when I realized what I had luckily missed seeing.

Well, even if I was just a lowly sophomore, it did not take me very long to realize that there was something quite "fishy" going on.

After half-starving because I had been sent to the vocational shops instead of the cafeteria, and after getting my first glimpse of the principal's office, which had been pointed out as the nurse's office, I realized that the seniors and juniors were behind all this funny business.

Right then and there, knowing that I could never get revenge on the eleventh and twelfth graders, I decided that I would be an exemplary upper classman. Oh, here comes a befuddled sophomore . . . I wonder if she has seen our beautiful open-air library?

Christmas Cheer

By Theda Politis, '65

CHRISTMAS is a nostalgic time. Christmas is a time for tradition. Each family, it seems, builds up its own, very special ways of observing this, our most joyous holiday season. Our family always tramps through the snow-laden woods to cut our own tree. Often, as we have discovered, this is more costly in monetary value, than simply buying a "pre-cut" tree, but as for its sentimental value, it is priceless. Other families bake special foods and have tree-trimming parties on Christmas Eve—all part of their tradition.

About this time, too, we dig out all our well-worn favorite stories: *The Night Before Christmas*, *Why the Chimes Rang*, *A Christmas Carol*, and many others. Around our house we get together to sing and play our favorite carols, somewhat out of tune, but nevertheless meaningful to us all. And who hasn't participated in a carol sing, returning home with frozen toes, but filled with the rosy holiday feeling?

With these simple observances of Christmas remaining, how can we say that Christmas has become commercialized? For me, at least, Christmas can't begin too soon, or last too long.

Short Stories

Conformity - Friend or Foe

By Diane Quirk, '65

PETE stopped the car on North Street, and against his parents' orders, picked up a group of his friends. These "friends" had been walking North Street, waiting for Pete or any of their other pals to come along and pick them up. It was very easy. Pete was a soft and pliable type and would conform to the wishes of these friends. There Pete found himself, as he slowly cruised North Street, becoming more and more sure of the fun he could have over the mountain tonight.

As he slowly turned down West Street, the radio blaring and his friends rough-housing, he felt a sickening feeling slowly beginning to grow in his stomach. It was against his own moral code to do this. No — he wouldn't — he couldn't. But as he turned down the radio in order to be heard above the din, his friends made a few comments, and he lost nerve, only saying, "What way is the best to get over there?" A few snickers from the back seat did not make him feel any better, so to show how tough he was, he bore down on the gas pedal and took out a cigarette. This was the first time he had made the speedometer go beyond fifty, and cigarettes made him feel dizzy. But his friends were enjoying it, so why shouldn't he?

All the way over he couldn't figure out why he was doing it. These guys had never really meant much to him. Was going against all his parents' jurisdiction worth the fun he was supposed to have? Only time would tell.

When he reached the place, he knew it

wasn't for him. As he pulled into the drive, the knot in his stomach only became tighter, making him feel completely miserable. No, he wouldn't enjoy himself, but what could he do? He knew if he mentioned leaving early, it would be to no avail. He walked in with the guys, and went over to the one familiar object, the juke box. He dropped a few dimes in and then went to the men's room. A few minutes later, when he quietly slipped out the back door, he saw a bartender serving the seventeen and eighteen year olds without a question.

All the way home he worried. How could the bartender be so ignorant as to serve these boys? How would they get home? What would Mom and Dad say if they knew?

When he arrived home, an hour later than usual, he just told his parents he didn't feel well and slipped up to his room. A few minutes later, when his mother came up to his room with an aspirin and a cup of tea, he felt like a heel. But he couldn't let her down. He fought with his conscience.

After spending a bad night in bed, he rose early, remembering only the journey of the night before. But the news on the radio did not shock him. When he heard about the stolen car, the thefts, and the accident, all he could do was sit and stare in silence. No, he would not cry. No longer was he a boy. He was a man, strong enough to face up to his own decisions, strong enough to be followed, no longer the weak follower.

C. Henry

Unto the Least of These

By Carol Sammons, '66

GRANDFATHER was known for the wonderful stories he told. He's gone now but I'll always remember everything he said, especially the story he told that Christmas Eve long ago.

We lived in northern Vermont then, in a very mountainous section. There was an unusual amount of snow that year. My grandfather and grandmother were visiting for the holidays. It was Grandfather who suggested the story and not the children. We kids usually begged for a story every night, but Mother had told us not to bother Grandpa with stories the day before Christmas, so we didn't say anything to him. Mother protested when Grandfather started to tell the story, but amidst the cries of mock indignation from him and those of disappointment from us, forced her to give in. She kindled a fire which soon crackled with heat. Its flickering light seemed to bring Christmas to life. Joe, my older brother, went for some nuts while I piled a wooden bowl with rosy red apples. Soon everyone was settled around the fire, cracking nuts and crunching on crisp, cold apples. Grandfather, who had the seat of honor, a large pillow placed on the hearth, began his story:

A long time ago, when I was just a young lad, a very strange thing happened. It was Christmas Eve, just as it is now, and my family was sitting around the fireplace, eating nuts and apples just as we are now. We were singing and laughing, and we heard nothing at first. During a pause for breath we heard a knock on the door. No one moved for a second. We wondered who could be visiting on Christmas Eve. I finally got up and ran quickly to the door, not wanting to keep the caller waiting any longer. I unbolted the lock and opened the door—and then gasped and started back in surprise. Through the open door stepped

a man, tall and thin, with a straggly beard and extraordinarily long dark hair. He was dressed in a ragged pair of pants and a rumpled brown robe. On his feet were only a pair of tattered sandals. The man's face was dark and his features were concealed for he kept his face down.

When the shock of seeing the stranger was over, my mother said in a kind voice, "Oh, do come in. You must be so cold, dressed like that in all this snow."

The stranger didn't answer; he just stood there shivering while rivulets of melting snow formed a puddle at his feet. Finally, in a low, almost inaudible, voice he mumbled, "Yes, I am cold," and made his way, shuffling his feet, to the back of the dimly lit room. He sat down on the cold floor, still keeping his face hidden.

None of us knew what to do. We stood there helpless. Then my father asked him if he would like to come nearer the fire. All our mysterious visitor said was, "Please sing." Something in this stranger's voice made us realize that we had to sing, and so we sang for him, everything we knew. Still he sat there, never moving.

After he refused our hesitant offer of food and a change of clothing, we no longer could contain our curiosity. "Who are you? Why do you wear those clothes? Where did you come from?"

"Children, don't be so rude," Mother reproached us.

The stranger sighed deeply and stood up. We were close to him now and he did not seem so tall as we had imagined. He looked tired and bent, as though he had come a long distance. Our friend, for that is what he seemed to us now, walked across the room towards the fireplace and we followed eagerly. He stood looking into the fire with his back toward us for a

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long, long time. Then he half turned and the light from the fire shone on the gentlest, kindest face we had ever seen.

He said just a few words, simple but meaningful words, which filled our hearts with love and kindness. "I have traveled far and looked everywhere for one simple thing—love. But I did not find it. I came here tired and weary, but I am leaving full of hope. You people have ended my search. Your cheerfulness and kindness towards one another show that there is still goodness and love in the world after all. God bless you and may you all have a happy and beautiful Christmas."

With this he left us, never telling us who he was or where he was going, but all of us felt that this man would live in our hearts always and especially on Christmas.

Driveway Adventure

by James Nagel, '65

IPULLED an unforgettable boner when I was at the advanced age of five years. You may not find this story credible, but I assure you it is true.

My mother had just purchased a second, third, or fourth-hand vehicle for her own transportation (I think the purchase price was fifty dollars). It was a grand old machine to me, perhaps because it behaved so much like a human being that I became personal in thinking of it. It demanded water when it became heated; it complained loudly when laboring up a hill; it backfired in protest when worked too hard; and sometimes, when Mom started off a little zealously, it refused to run altogether.

Because of my attachment to the jalopy, I spent many hours in it, pondering its wonders. I longed to drive it, for I was certain that I could, but I never got the opportunity.

Then one fine day, Fate dealt me a full

flush. My parents went off shopping in our plain, mundane, new car; I was left without a babysitter; and my mother had left the keys to the jalopy at home.

I phoned my best friend and informed him of my incredible fortune. He joined me in my front yard, and we fairly flew to the old car and jumped in. I managed to get the key into the ignition. I paused for an instant. Did I *really* know how to drive? What next? Oh, yes, the emergency brake. I released it. Then, not knowing that the car was in gear, I turned the ignition on. (And then, oh yes, the button on the left.) The car lurched forward and began to roll down the driveway. I frantically stomped on the clutch pedal, thinking it was the brake, but the car only rolled faster. I worked the shift lever, only to put it into neutral. The car kept rolling. That was it. I yelled to my companion to jump, and I did so myself. The car hit a tree and stopped dead.

Well, now that the car was there, I had to get it back before my parents came home or—. No longer considering myself an expert, I humbly consulted my friend as to the proper method of backing the car up. "Just pull them wires 'neath the dashboard," he declared with the solemn air of an expert. Trusting my comrade, I yanked the wires. The car didn't budge, but I had a handful of wires.

Then I smelled smoke. I looked down and saw smoke where the wires had been, and I saw flames, too. I fled.

From the safety of my bedroom, we watched the upholstery burn, giving off a sickening smell. We just sat, not thinking to call the Fire Department. For some unexplainable reason, the flames did not reach the gas tank, so there was no explosion, just quiet, steady destruction.

I was in a state of shock. But I was reawakened to reality by severe parental punishment, which I will not satisfy your morbid curiosity by describing.

ALUMNI NOTES

WENDY EVERETT—University of Rochester

Freshman Week began September 10. It was a mad rush from beginning to end. We had panel discussions, tours of the campus and banquets. My classes are typical of most freshmen. I am taking English, French, Sociology and Chemistry. The work is a lot like high school; the main difference being that everything is left up to the student. There is a lot of reading and usually a five-hundred-word paper each week for each course. The academic competition is much stronger because here everyone is equally qualified.

DEAN CHRISTOPOLIS—University of Massachusetts

There is a great difference between college work and high school work. The major difference appears in the amount of reading which has to be completed. Often one is required to read an entire book in one evening. I am taking the Mechanical Engineering course. My subjects include math, chemistry, English, mechanical drawing, speech, R.O.T.C. and physical education.

DAVID GILLISPIE—Penn State University

My first impression of Penn State University was that of confusion! Soon that was cleared up and then I was only in a state of bewilderment! All kidding aside, the transition from high school to college was relatively smooth and I am now enjoying myself, although the work is difficult. However, I am looking forward to vacation.

KATHY DELLERT—Boston University

It seems to me that most high school students are not given true impressions of college and all it entails. Of course it is difficult, but then, we are here to learn and study. The subjects are interesting and the instructors are good. They are also interested in the students, and they do not want us to "flunk out." Each one of us receives the mark we deserve.

I spend more time studying than I did in high school, but I do not have to stay up until 2:00 or 3:00 every morning. No one is trying to make us do the impossible.

College is a place to study, but it is also a place to have a good time. For the most part it is up to the individual. We, the students, have to make college what we want it to be.

SUSAN GELLER—Harcum Junior College

I love college life, being on my own, and adjusting my time and schedule to my needs. The work here is not as difficult as I expected, but the amount is tremendous. Between daily assignments and extra long range reports and reading, I can not afford to waste time. I have learned to take advantage of the extra hours between classes. If these hours were not used to good advantage, I would find myself behind in assignments. I must admit, I never thought weekends could be so relaxing and enjoyable, especially Saturday and Sunday mornings.

POETRY :: ::

A NATIVITY FOR US

By Linda Thompson, '64

As you glance upon the manger,
Tell me what you see.
A mother? a father? a child?
We all know the story behind it,
But what does it mean? to me? to you?
Are we close to it?
Or is it distant? past? removed?

As you glance upon the manger,
Tell me you see the mother.
She is not distant; she is near.
We all have a mother somewhere;
She guides us; she helps us; we love her.
Are we close to her?
Of course! She is like His mother; His mother
is close to us.

As you glance upon the manger,
Tell me you see the father.
He is not distant; he is near.
We all have a father somewhere;
He teaches us; he clothes us; we love him.
Are we close to him?
Yes! So, too, was Joseph to Jesus; so, too, is
Joseph to us.

As you glance upon the manger,
Tell me you see the Child.
He is with us always, He is the One Who
knows.
We all have a God somewhere, everywhere;
He creates us; He keeps us; we love Him.
Are we close to him?
Always! We are close to Him, to the Child,
to the Lord.

As you glance upon the manger,
Tell me only that you know
They are not people of the past,
Mere representations, we can not love.
They are here, now and forever.
Are we close to them?
Yes! The mother, like ours; the father, too;
the Child, our God.

INDIVIDUALITY

By Margaret White, '64

As teenagers,
We are but growing vegetables,
Developing, with aid from the earth around
us,
And forcing ourselves, slowly, to the surface,
Where, if strong and persevering, we can
gain
Individuality.

As adults,
Many of us will weaken in society's harsh
weather,
Or pass beneath the cutting knife
And fall into the boiling pot of life,
Where we will become nonentities in the
stew of
Conformity.

IT IS DONE

By Diane Curley, '65

I watched you slowly turn and go away,
And in that instant, Fate quietly closed my
heart
To all understanding or faith or hope that
day
And left me senseless—Why did you choose
to part.

Love, love—I held it as my own!
I never dreamed of such a tragic end.
But it is done; I go the way alone
And pray my heart will learn to love again.

IF

By Diane Curley, '65

If you can look within your heart
Be pleased with what meets eye;
If you can gaze into a mirror
And say, "Yes, I know that it is I,"
If you can walk with head held high
Down the narrow roads of life;
And walk with brave and firm step
Both through joyous times and strife;
If you can set yourself a goal
And from that mark never stray:
Then you will reach your Heaven—
Somehow, somewhere, someday.



CHRISTMAS PRAYER

By Maxine Zaiken, '64

O' God,
Lift from our hands selfish ideas and weaknesses;
And forever let us bring
Good Will toward men,
So that someday we may say,
Peace On Earth,
Now and forever.

DEAR SANTA

By Diane Curley, '65

Dear Santa,
For Christmas I'd like a bright red car;
I'll accept a floor-length mink.
Then again, I'd love a stereo,
Or, at least, a skating rink.
Of course, I'd like a ball-room gown
Or some priceless, flashing gem.
In conclusion, Santa, I guess I'd like—
Yes, I know I'd like—a pen.

HOME

By Linda Thompson, '64

The warmth, the glow of the fireplace,
Exceeded only by baby's face;
The love; the joy of the family meal;
The songs; the guests; the holiday reel.
These are part of my home . . . my home at
Christmas.

CHRISTMAS TIME

By Diane Curley, '65

Snow lightly spreading o'er the earth,
Bells brightly bringing cheer,
People bustling back and forth,
Music in the air.

A tinsel-covered evergreen,
Presents on the floor,
A manger in the center,
A stocking on the door.

Rosy cheeks and ready smile,
Hearts gay and young and fair,
Warm and friendly, fresh and bright—
Yes, Christmas time is here.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

By Roberta Bole, '64

Pitilessly gathering the snow within it,
The wind whipped cruelly through deserted
streets,
Then blew, so cruelly, on the old man before
it
And the small, ragged children huddled at
his feet.
The lonely group was staring at a heavy,
barred door
At a house where, suddenly, they were wel-
come no more.

Inside the warm house, the lights were blaz-
ing.
There was drinking and dancing; the laugh-
ter was gay.
They were toasting a babe on whom all were
gazing.
Telling tales of the child's arrival this day.
Now this new being was their favorite pet;
The ones in the street, they seemed to forget.

The old man said sadly, "There is no more
we can do.
We will leave and ne'er return; they have
made their choice.
Now they want the future, and it is true
That from now on, for the past they will not
rejoice.
Why do they love the future and hate the
past,
When dreams are so easily broken and only
memories last?"

With last, longing looks, the group turned
away
And slipped in sad silence through the snow.
The darkness soon engulfed them, that bleak
New Year's Day;
No one even cared to watch them go.
The cruel wind cried after them with all its
might;
1963 and his memories are not wanted to-
night.

OTHER LANGUAGES

ELEMENTARY LATIN

Ever wonder how the Romans learned Latin? We're having so much trouble with it, how did a six-year-old Roman ever manage? Recent discoveries have shown that their elementary reading books were something like this:

Latinus I
ROMULUS ET REMUS

aut

NUMQUAM CREDE LUPO AMICO

Specta Romulum et Remum.

Specta lupum.

Vide lupum currentem.

Curre! Lupe! Curre!

Vide Romulum currentem!

Vide Remum currentem!

currunt ab lupo.

Curre Romule!

Curre Reme!

Sed lupus amicus est.

Amicus! Amicus! Amicus!

Lupus eorum mater erit.

Mater! Mater! Mater!

Desiste Romule!

Desiste Reme!

Specta lupum.

Devorat Romulum et Remum.

Devora! Devora! Devora!

Falsus lupus

LATIN CHEERS

I. Victoria! Victoria! Illa est noster
clamor.

V-I-C-T-O-R-I-A

Vincendum est! Vincendum est!

Hac nocte vincendum est!

Agite Pittsfield

Pugna, protulum, pugna!

II. Pelle eos rursus!

Pelle eos rursus!

Longe rursus!

III. Pugna! Nota! Vince!

LE PRESENT PARFAIT

Trouver des cadeaux de Noel pour tout le monde c'est toujours un probleme epineux, n'est-ce pas? Cette annee, nous vous aiderons en faisant quelques suggestions. Bien entendu, vous devez decider vous-meme quel est le present parfait. Nos reponses sont imprimees a l'envers ci-dessous, mais ne jetez pas un coup d'oeil curieux d'abord!

1. pour vos copains, "Si vous tenez a en-
voyer du meilleur . . ."
2. pour votre pere, "Elles separent les
hommes des garcons."
3. pour votre mere, "Dites-le avec—."
4. pour votre ami, "Il y a quelque chose chez
un homme— ——."
5. pour votre amie, "Promettez-lui n'im-
porte quoi, mais donnez-lui— ——."
6. pour votre chien, "Il fait son propre jus."

* * * *

Train
Deurs 4. Aqua Vleva 5. Arpege 6. Gravy
1. Les cartes par Hallmark 2. Luckies 3. des

YOUR GUIDE TO A NEW SPANISH VOCABULARY

ver—a big, brown, furry animal

con—eaten with ice cream

deporte—send out of the country

dice—two, black-dotted, white cubes

eso—a famous gasoline

ir—hearing organ

ni—part of the leg

hijo—sound of a donkey

punto—a fourth down kick

nos—smelling organ

si—an ocean

par—a score in golf

tanto—the Lone Ranger's friend

fin—part of a fish

tan—what you get when you're in the sun

la—sixth note of the scale

LOS NINOS PEQUENOS Y
LAS NINAS PEQUENAS

Los ninos pequenos son firmes y fuertes;
No les gusta el jabon muchas veces.
Les gusta jugar siempre el beisbol;
No les gustan las muchachas pequenas!

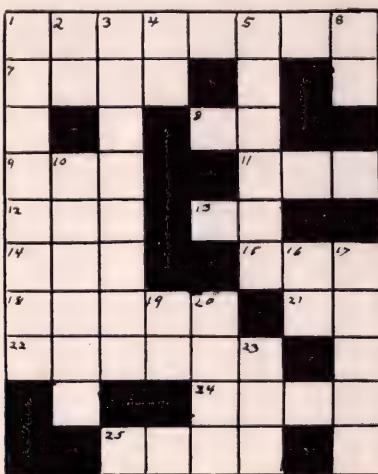
Las ninas pequenas son muy bonitas
Con cintones azules y blancos.
Bailan y juegan todo el dia
Con las munecas y los ninitos.

LATIN CROSSWORD PUZZLE
ACROSS

- he has entrusted
- so, thus far (adverb)
- bone (nominative singular)
- Ino (vocative singular)
- equal (nominative singular)
- satis (abbreviation)
- I (accusative singular)
- you (genitive singular)
- thing (accusative singular)
- also (adverb)
- if (conjunction)
- laughter (genitive plural)
- I thunder
- defendent (accusative plural)

DOWN

- teacher (nominative singular)
- to, toward (preposition)
- business (dative plural)
- I give
- evening (nominative singular)
- you (accusative singular)
- sailor (ablative plural)
- you (singular) are
- wonderful (accusative—masculine plural)
- Oh!
- I change, alter
- manner (nominative singular)



PECITO POBRE!

!Ah, pecito! usted es tan bonito;
Usted nada tan bien en este plato rio.
Pero !ah! pecito! usted es cogido—
Ahora !usted se hace pescado!

SCHILAUFEN IM AMERIKA

Wenn winter beginnt gehen viele Menschen shilaufen. In den Berkshires besuchen fast alle Leutte Bousquets. Es ist modern und viele beruhmte Leute kommen hierher. Da findet man ein gutes Restaurant und eine Schihutte fur die Schilaufers.

Pass auf! Hier Kommt ein Mann zu schnell den Berg hinunter. Ach du meine Gute! Ein Baum steht gleich vor ihm. Ach! Er hat sich ein Schi(e) gebrochen und liegt jetzt in dem Schnee. Ein Arzt bemerkt was geschehen ist, und geht schnell zu dem mann—Nun! Gott sei dank, er hat sich nur das Bein gebrochen. Der arme Kerl. Er war ein Anfanger, und erst jetzt weiss er, wie man's macht.

MEANINGFUL GERMAN

For beginners, the following is a list of literal translations of Mr. Hall's classroom. "Das ist shade."—"Have it in by the end of the period." "Machen Sie die Bucher auf."—"Let's try it again." "Wer kann mir sagen . . .?"—"Is anyone listening?" "Morgen haben wir eine kleine Prufung."—"Departmental tomorrow." "Heute haben wir eine kleine Prufung."—"Didn't study last night, did you?" "Schreiben sie, bitte . . .?"—"In your new notebooks . . .?" "Fur morgen haben wir ein paar Fragen."—"For homework, do 1-18 on page . . ." "Es freut mich, Sie hier zu sehen."—"Heute haben wir eine kleine Prufung."

* * * * *

Un enseigne dans une librairie: Achetez le livre pour votre cadeau de Noel maintenant, ainsi vous pourrez le lire avant de le mettre a la poste.

:: :: FEATURES :: ::

LUNCH TEST

If you're tired of the same old type of essay and multiple choice tests, try this one for a change of pace.

1. Like all tests, a lunch test must have some preparation to be passed. A perfect way to begin is to memorize the menu, for it will be the only question that will have to be answered. (You certainly won't know what's on it after just tasting the food.)

2. When the bell rings, be sure to dash madly out the door, tripping and pushing others so you can get ahead of the line in charging down the up stairs.

3. Eating your lunch can be fun if you chew with your mouth open to irritate those next to you. You can gain extra points by stealing food from someone and running away before he spots you.

4. When getting ice cream for you and your friends, be sure to shove into the line and try to get out without paying the cashier.

5. Another way to enjoy lunch is to carefully place a pea on your popsicle stick and shoot it at anyone within shooting distance.

6. If you bring your lunch, then you have permission from the S.C.B. (Sophomore Clean-up Brigade) to walk out of chemistry with a Bunsen burner to roast your hot dogs.

7. Before leaving, be sure to glue crumbs to the table. The janitors appreciate your giving them something to do.

TEACHERS' PET EXPRESSIONS

Miss ARCHY—"No more pumpkins, please!"

Mr. BLOWE—"Hey you, get away from that locker!"

Mr. BROPHY—"More or less?"

Mr. DAVISON—"Uh-hmm . . ."

Mr. DRAINVILLE—"Burns did it!"

Mr. LEAHY—"Let's play around with this for a while."

Miss DALY—"Spaniards are supposed to be polite."

IDEAL SOPHOMORE—P.H.S.

GIRL

HAIR—Kathy Porter

EYES—Joan Bilia

SMILE—Mary Garvey

FIGURE—Mary Giannone

CLOTHES—Kathy Slocum

BEAUTY—Kathy Conry

BRAINS—Alice McInerney

VERSATILITY—Kathy Conry

HUMOR—Mary Garvey

BOY

HAIR—Pete Spina

EYES—Jimmy Giansiracusa

SMILE—Bob Boyer

BUILD—Tom Grieve

CLOTHES—Jimmy Albano

LOOKS—Tom Grieve

BRAINS—Paul Rowe

VERSATILITY—Tom Grieve

HUMOR—Bill Broderick

IDEAL SOPHOMORE—CROSBY
GIRL

HAIR—Colleen Termohleen

EYES—Clara Torres

SMILE—Margaret Hoeske

FIGURE—Colleen Termohleen

CLOTHES—Christina Leslie

BEAUTY—Colleen Termohleen

BRAINS—Nancy Dudley

VERSATILITY—Maureen Mooney

HUMOR—Anne Ruberto

BOY

HAIR—William Hoeske

EYES—William Hoeske

SMILE—Dale Mitchell

BUILD—Mitchell Massaconi

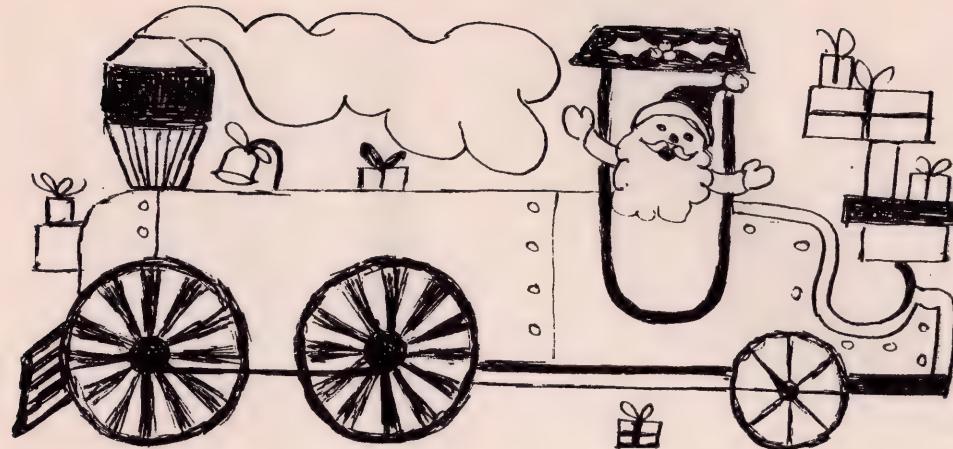
CLOTHES—Mitchell Massaconi

LOOKS—Mitchell Massaconi

BRAINS—Joseph Benardo

VERSATILITY—Mitchell Massaconi

HUMOR—William Broderick



CHRISTMAS WISHES

ELLEN BOXER—last year's senior boys
 MARY JANE CALLAHAN—a book entitled *Baseball Made Easy*
 MARION CIMINI—a pair of laminated contacts
 CAROL COPPOLA—a blonde wig
 Miss CUMMINGS—about 900 good girls
 MAGGIE FLYNN—a round trip ticket to California
 COACH Fox—happy, healthy grandchildren
 Mr. Fox—a new convertible for my new convertible top
 Miss HEAPHY—the success and happiness of each member of the class of 1964
 MR. HERRICK—a white Christmas
 MIKE HORRIGAN—excellent skiing until June
 BOBBY JAMES—life insurance
 JEAN KULIS—a Moose
 Miss MAC—two extra days a week to get in all the activities
 EILEEN MALUMPHY—understandable stair regulations
 JOHN MATTOON—a guarantee for a diploma in June (1964, that is!)
 RINDY NORTON—the ability to raise my eyebrow back at Mr. Brophy
 DIANE RISCH—a motor scooter to zip around in first period study
 SANDY SAYRE—a French poodle that looks like a dog and not a sheep
 MICHELE SISSELMAN—a pogo stick for cheering
 KAREN WIGGLESWORTH—a year's supply of throat lozenges
 LISA WHITNEY—an autographed picture of Mr. French counting on his fingers

LETTERS TO SANTA

Dear Santa:
 Please send me a boy friend. I've never had one—at a time. Muggins
 Please send me a stiff upper lip. Nancy Ziskind
 Please send me Adams High . . . He's so far away. Sue Carmell
 Please send me a Spanish dictionary. Dave Reilly
 Please send me a sophomore (boy). Sue Morley
 Please send the sophomores some school spirit for the games and rallies. Juniors and Seniors
 Please send me a book of compliments . . . I seem to be at a loss for words. Jeff Whitehouse
 Please send solid walls of mirrors in the girls' rooms. Girls at P.H.S.
 Please send us coed lunch tables. Senior Boys
 Please send us lots of 7AB days. All Students at P.H.S.

P.H.S. CHRISTMAS CAROLS
 "Christmas Holly," sung by Gene Van Bramer
 "Deck the Halls" sung by the Lobby Decorating Committee
 "O Come All Ye Faithful" sung by the Pep Club
 "O Little Town of Bedlam"—it's 3:00 P.M. and P.H.S. students are descending upon North Street
 "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing"—that tomorrow is a 7A day

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"Joy to the World"—I passed a trig test!

"The Little Drummer Boy" sung to Wayne Neiderjohn

"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" sung to the basketball team

"Skate Blades Sing" sung by the hockey team
 "O Heavenly Knight" sung by Dery Sporbert

"It Came Upon a Clear Midnight" sung by Linda Thompson

"Christmas is Meant For Children" sung to the sophomores

"Twelve Days of Christmas" sung by the entire student body

"Winter Wonderland" sung by the ski team

CHRISTMAS READING

To start off the new year on the right foot, how about reading some of these books written by well-known local authors?

Wall of Noise by the Cafeteria Study Teachers

How to Give a Speech by Jeff Whitehouse
What to do with Your Spare Time by Nancy Binder

You're Taking a College Board in Latin? by Miss Rhoades

How to Get an "A" in Berlitz by Jimmy Nagle

They Waste So Much Paper in This School or Don't Throw Away Those Bulletins by Mrs. Henderson

Someone's Talking by Mr. Ryan
How to Become a Cheerleader in One Easy Lesson by Billy Linder

I Did a Little Outside Research by John Cooper

John C. What's-His-Name by Charlie Henry and John Lyons

The True Story of Captain Hook by Deci Wendell

Three Ways to Happiness by Sam Russo
How to Write Poems and Remain Single by Jaff

No Muse Is Good Muse by Peter Simkin

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

KATHIE CARD—To get an "A" from Mr. Brophy

MR. COUGHLIN—to see that all Technical boys have an optimistic outlook on life
 LOUISE DORFMAN—to go through with my threats

ARLENE GUGINO—to learn a new dance for the talent show

IRENE HARRIS—to talk a lot in all my classes
 DON HATCH—to stop calling Kathy Gogan "Turtle"

MR. HERRICK—to remember to wear my cuff-links

MIKE HORRIGAN—to have a dateless weekend

AL HUBBARD—to steal coach's whistle

DOUG MALINS—to stop crashing sophomore parties

EILEEN MALUMPHY—to stay in the library longer than fifteen minutes

MIKE METZLER—to stop fighting the War Between the States with Mr. Brophy

DIANE O'LAUGHLIN—to stop climbing barbed wire fences

MRS. O'LEARY—not to assign book reports to all my classes for the same day

CAROL ROPELEWSKI—to have a nice big ham-BERG

SAM RUSSO—to stop being a "Don Juan"

ANN SAVINO—to learn where all emergency brakes are

BARB SCULL—to go through one weekend without a fight with Buzzy

BEV TREMBLAY—to get some studying done in the library

SUZ TREPACZ—to behave

BARBARA VELIKA—to get straight "A's"

DIANNE VINGER—to stop blushing

PAT WALKER—to stop eating so much

DIANE WILK—to stay away from Springside Park

JIMMY WHEAT—to get myself an "Alec Dubro Doll"

CARRIE ZIEMAK—to go through just one game doing all the cheers correctly



INTRAMURAL SPORTS

Intramural sports are off to a good start again this year with basketball and wrestling. Coach Benedetti started basketball early in December. Team leaders were picked and the teams were formed. All who went out for this sport were able to play regardless of ability. Last year there were ten teams in which about 125 boys took part. Since all boys cannot play varsity, participation in intramural basketball gives more boys a chance. Wrestling will start early in 1964. It will be supervised by Coach Redman, who will arrange the teams according to the various weight classes. Coordination and physical fitness are stressed in this competitive sport, which is designed to let those boys who are too small for football participate in a rough, bruising type of activity. This year, Coach plans to coordinate wrestling with the weight training program. Intramural wrestling, which shouldn't be confused with the professional sport, will involve the study of various holds. The sport is open to all boys and this year Coach plans to give trophies to the champs of the various weight divisions. Last year was the first year for these intramural sports at P.H.S. and for Coach Redman, a wrestling team is the goal for the future.

REVIEW OF FOOTBALL SEASON

Pittsfield High is again Class A champion of Western Massachusetts. We sported a fine 4 wins, 1 loss record in the league; our only defeat came at the hands of city rival St. Joseph's High School.

Including exhibition games our overall record was 5 wins, 3 losses. We lost to Class AA powers, Springfield Tech and West Springfield, but in a stunning manner we defeated highly regarded Brockton High School. In a real bang-up game in Brockton on October 26, we brought home a very satisfying 13-12 victory with our slim margin being the point after touchdown by Tom Grieve. This game, among other things, exemplified the fact that P.H.S. and the teams in Western Massachusetts can compete and play on a par, if not better, with the big eastern Massachusetts Schools.

The Lineman of the Week Award was brought back this year. Winners were John Culver, Bob Lucido (twice), Clint Stowers, Dave Southard, Bill Stanhope, Mike Massaconi.

High praise was voiced by Coach Gleason regarding the performance of offensive guard Darryl Rustic, tackle Dave Reilly, and back Al Hubbard. Also lauded for doing a fine job was defensive tackle Steve Trepania.

Offensively, the entire backfield of Tom Grieve, Bob Pinsonneault, Mike Rohlfs, and Southard did outstanding jobs.

For next year Coach Gleason ventured no predictions. With the loss of 14 players through graduation or ineligibility, we will rely heavily on many members of our junior varsity team. But, as always, we will have a fine team and will again strive for the Class A championship.

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ART DELUSKY AND BOB DECELLES

No need to introduce these two boys, the co-captains of our successful basketball team. Everyone must have seen Art Delusky and Bob Decelles in action by now. Art is a three-year letterman, while Bob is a veteran of two years.

Art, an active Technical Honors student has the distinction of being the only two-sport captain at P.H.S. He shows his athletic prowess in track, as well as in the "hoop" sport. He has been homeroom representative and treasurer for the past three years. He was a chairman of the Junior Prom decorating committee.

Bob, a college prep student, was co-chairman of the Junior Prom committee last year. He also has been a homeroom representative and an active Pep Club member. Both Bob and Art are planning to further their studies at college next year.

SOCER

Pittsfield High has added a new sport to its fall schedule, and this new sport is soccer.

This fall Coach Benedetti organized an intramural schedule for five teams. The teams were the Redwoods, captained by Bob Calderwood with a 3-0 record; close behind was Bruce Schulze's Towering Spruces with a 1-1-1 mark. The Golden Oaks with John Unwin and White Birches captained by

John Lovejoy both had 1-2 records while Walt Dickie's team, the Rock Maples, had a 0-1-1 record.

The City Council voted to have soccer become a varsity sport in '64. With the enthusiasm that was shown this year, there should be an excellent season next year. The intramural league will continue to be played and Coach Benedetti hopes that there will be as much cooperation and interest as was shown this past year.



WALTER DICKIE

This year's ski team captain, senior Walt Dickie, is a very versatile boy. Besides skiing, he is a member of the track team and plays intramural soccer. A Math and Science Honors student, he has managed to distinguish himself both scholastically and in extracurricular activities. In his opinion the ski team will be very strong and will have gained more new talent, in the sophomore class than it lost by graduation.

DENNY MILLER

This year's captain of our hockey team, Denny Miller, is now in his third year of hockey at P.H.S. Denny, a member of the Vocational Department at P.H.S., is also a homeroom representative, a member of the Class Council, and a member of last year's track team. Denny feels that this year should be a good one for Coach Blowe's team, which opened its season December 11 against Lenox.

School Notes

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council is a group which is elected by the students to represent the students to the faculty. This group in turn elects its own officers, who are as follows: Phil Jacoby, president; Mike Massacconi, vice-president; Karen Bonnivier, secretary; and Kathie Conry, assistant secretary. The Student Council serves as an intermediary between the students and faculty. When a problem between these two groups is brought forth, the Student Council seeks to find a solution which is agreeable both to the students and the faculty.

Last year they worked on revising the Constitution of the Student Council in order to be able to represent the students better. They also worked on the problem of the stairs, but a solution agreeable to both parties is still pending.

SENIOR COMMITTEES

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class Council these seniors were elected co-chairmen of the following committees: Cap and Gown—Janie Farr and Al Cimini; Yearbook Publisher—Ellen Boxer and Phil Caropreso; Lobby Decorating—Shirley Russo and Mat Giardina; Auditorium Decorating—Carol Tole and Ed Nugent; Good Will—Jenny Congden and Mike Rohlfs and Christmas Pageant—Max Zaiken and Tony Valenti. The Senior Class officers presiding at the meeting were: Jerry Bazzano, president; Nancy Binder, Girls' vice president; Joan Marco, secretary; and Bill Linder, treasurer.

MUSIC NOTES

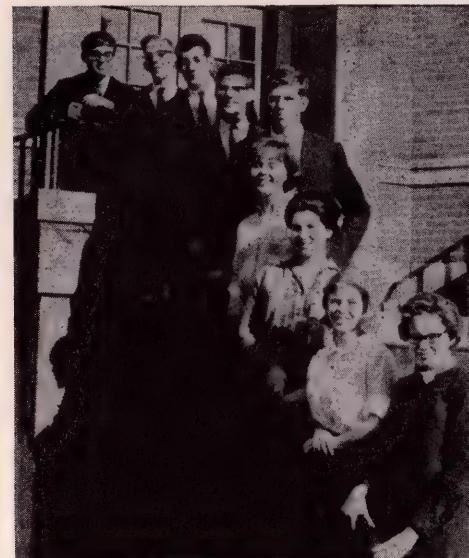
On November 14, the school orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Bournazian, played three selections for the parents at Open House. These three selections were Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slave," Grofe's "Mississippi Suite," and Rodger's "Oklahoma." The chorus, in collaboration with the orchestra, gave its first performance at the Christmas Pageant. The band has been heard at two parades and at rallies. All three divisions have been rehearsing regularly and will present several concerts throughout the year.

SENIOR CLASS COUNCIL

The recently elected Senior Class Council represents the class of '64 by voicing opinions and voting on items which are brought to their attention during the year. Also, the heads of all the important committees are elected by this group. The members of the council this year are: Sandra Abeles, Ellen Boxer, Jennifer Congdon, Gina Deluca, Jane Farr, Margaret Frazitta, Patricia Grady, Holly Johnson, Eileen Malumphy, Joan McClintock, Pamela Nadeu, Clarinda Norton, Laurel Pelletier, Shirley Russo, Lois Shalett, Carol Tole, Anne Wiesberg, Maxine Zaiken, Fred Baker, Bob Bard, Harry Bietzel, Bob Bernardo, Merlin Chestnut, Albert Cimini, Jack Curly, Aris Damiani, Robert Frank, Frank Gagliardi, Matthew Giardina, Donald Hatch, William Kerwood, Billy Martin, Edward Nugent, John Reagan, Michael Rolfs, Edward Sloper, Carl Tomasi, Keith Tooley, George Travers, Anthony Valenti, and Peter Zaveruka.

DECEMBER, 1963

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NATIONAL MERIT SEMI-FINALISTS

This year ten Pittsfield High students were chosen National Merit semi-finalists.

Holly Hinman has been in English and History Honors and a member of the Library Squad for three years, serving as vice-president of the squad in her junior year. This year she is an assistant editor of THE PEN and dedication editor of the Dome.

Roberta Bole has been in English and Math Honors for three years and now is a varsity cheerleader, a member of the yearbook staff, and the staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN.

Sandra Abeles is editor of the 1964 Yearbook. She has been in English Honors for three years, in History Honors as a sophomore and junior, and this year she is in advanced placement Biology. Sandy is also an assistant editor of THE PEN and a cadette.

Kathie Shelton, editor of THE PEN, has been in English Honors for three years. She is also a member of two yearbook committees and a cadette.

Walt Dickie, also in Math and Science Honors, is captain of the ski team and on the track team. This year he is on the History Committee of the yearbook, and on the Christmas Lobby Decorating and Rally Committees.

Peter Simkin has been in English and Science Honors for three years. He is a yearbook editor, an assistant PEN editor, and, as in his sophomore year, a homeroom representative. Previously he was a member of the J.V. basketball team, a junior representative to the Pep Club, and the subscription editor of THE PEN.

Aris Damiani is co-editor of Boys' Sports for the yearbook, a member of the Senior Class Council. He was a junior homeroom representative, and he has been a Math and Science Honors student for three years.

Christopher Fuselier has been an Honors Math student for three years and this year he is in advanced placement Physics at P.H.S. He is on the Language Staff of THE PEN, the Faculty Staff of the yearbook, the track team. He is president of the Math Club.

Stephen Hackman has been in Science and Math Honors for three years. This year he is on the paper committee of the Math Club and the Faculty Committee of the yearbook.

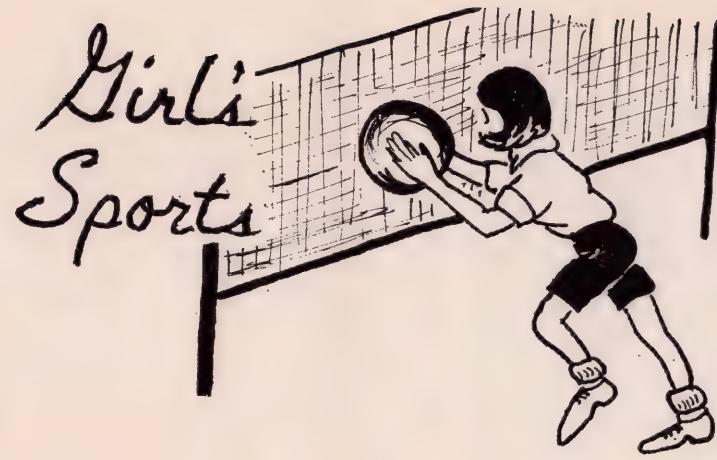
Janet Hoch, not shown, is now in her senior year at Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Canada. While at P.H.S. Janet, better known as Hocus-Pocus, was a homeroom representative, a member of G.A.A., and the Pep Club, and the Junior Prom decorating committee.

RETAIL SALES NOTES

October and November were busy months for the local D.E.C.A. Club. Two tours were made in connection with the study on leather. One tour was made to England Brothers. The second tour was to The Berkshire Leather Company.

In March of 1964, the Massachusetts D.E.C.A. chapter will hold a convention in Boston at the Hotel Statler. In order to attend this convention the local group decided to sell Fanny Farmer candy to raise money for the trip. The candy was on sale from November 18 to November 25 at \$1.00 a box.

The month of December was a busy month for all the retail students as they worked full time.



G.A.A. NOTES

This year, as in past years, a group of girls sang Christmas Carols at local Nursing Homes and Hospitals. The girls enjoyed singing as well as those who heard them sing enjoyed listening.

Other upcoming events on the G.A.A. calendar include an Ice Skating Party in January and the annual Valentine Dance.

ICE CAPADES

On December 1, the G.A.A. sponsored a trip to the Ice Capades. The buses left for Springfield at 11:46 and returned to the high school at 6:30. About 80 girls attended the event. A magnificent show was put on, and it was liked by all. Those who attended had a great time both at the show and during the ride to and from Springfield.

COUNTY G.A.A. CONFERENCE

On Monday, November 4, the P.H.S. Girls' Athletic Association held a conference with Adams, Searles, and Wahconah Regional high schools. After a spaghetti supper in the cafeteria, the girls settled down in room 149 to discuss some of the problems which they had encountered. Several new ideas for new activities were discovered through this discussion. The conference was voted a success by all who attended and plans were made to make it an annual event.

P. Grady

COED VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball is a sport which can be enjoyed by both girls and fellows, and on December 4, a coed group spent an enjoyable evening improving their volleyball skills in the P.H.S. gym. To be fair to the female participants, the teams were coed. This allowed each team to have a chance to win with everyone doing their best.

As refreshments, cokes were served to all. This has become an annual affair, sponsored by the G.A.A., and everyone had such a good time that the event may be held again next year.

FUN TIME

Well, girls, volleyball season is here again! This is the time when sophomores, juniors, and seniors can be found having fun as they compete against one another. No matter what her athletic ability, every girl is placed on a team. Each team is a combination of poor, average, and excellent players. This gives everyone the opportunity of developing her volleyball skill. It is this skill that will be the deciding factor in choosing star teams to represent each class in striving for the championship. So come on, gals, if you haven't signed up for volleyball, do it today. It can be lots of fun!

* * * * *

Hall: What's grey and lumpy?
McD.: Elephant tapioca.

DECEMBER, 1963

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FIELD HOCKEY

Weather has played an important part in this year's field hockey tournament. Because of a series of rainy days, we were not able to play all of the scheduled games, but those that were played were enjoyed.

The members of the senior team were Paula Thomson and Chris Donaldson, captains, Lynne Swaine, Maxine Zaiken, Margo Marsten, Debbie McCarty, Elizabeth Nichols, Diana Nichols, Pam Nadeau, Pat Sheely, Sara Beaudoin, and Linda Thompson.

The members of the junior team were Patti Johnston and Marguerite Geer, captains, Joanne Cadorette, Nanci Walcott, Dee West, Cathy Rainforth, Linda Ramsey, Fran Duda, Teddy Politis, Helen Majchrowski, Janet Richards, Sue Anderson, Diane Curley and Chris Eulian.

The members of the sophomore team were Linda Procopio and Barb Conti, captains, Cindy Wanamaker, Kathy Hill, Kathy Porter, Orrie West, Eileen Klahn, Nancy Bogle, Chris Belland, Tina Leslie, Peggy Hoeske, Mary Leoncini and Alice McInerny.

JAY-VEE CHEERLEADERS

Halloween was a restless night for fifty-three junior girls. It was not that the witches were out that was bothering them, but that they had tried out for Jay-Vee cheerleading that afternoon. For three weeks these girls had been coached by the varsity squad, captained by Pam Blewitt. The girls were judged on cheering ability, voice and appearance. The nine girls chosen were Jean Carmell, Rosalind Walsh, Michele Sisselman, Kristine Rutka, Cheryl McCormick, Kevyn Smith, Elizabeth Funke, Karen Wigglesworth, and Christine Styczynski. The varsity cheerleaders this year are Lea Ahlen, Linda Melvin, Linda McDonough, Bobbie Bole, Carol Hall, Carrie Ziemak, Gail Cullen, Dianne Viner and Pam Blewitt, captain.



The Senior Cadette officers are always on the go. Besides completing the various duties of Cadettes, and maintaining good grades, these girls are engaged in many extra-curricular activities.

Margaret Frazitta, for example, is an assistant to the Senior Class Advisor, on the Class Council, and is a member of Pep Club and G.A.A.

Jayne Knight is a home room representative, and is a member of Pep Club and G.A.A.

Joan Marco, our own Senior Class secretary, is a home room representative, on the Student Council, and a contributor to THE STUDENT'S PEN. She is also a member of Pep Club and G.A.A.

Linda Thompson is on the G.A.A. Board, a member of Pep Club, co-editor of Classroom Scenes for the yearbook, and is also editor of Poetry for THE STUDENT'S PEN.

Maxine Zaiken, the Senior Cadette manager, is President of G.A.A., a member of Pep Club, and on the Senior Class Council. She was chairman for the Cadettes' Fashion Show in October, and is co-chairman for the Christmas Pageant, co-editor of Girls' Sports for THE STUDENT'S PEN. She is also on Classroom Scenes for the yearbook.

These girls are busy with constructive activities, and reflect the spirit of Cadettes: service to school and community.



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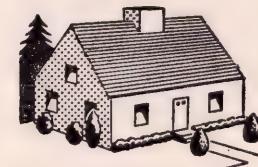
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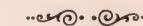
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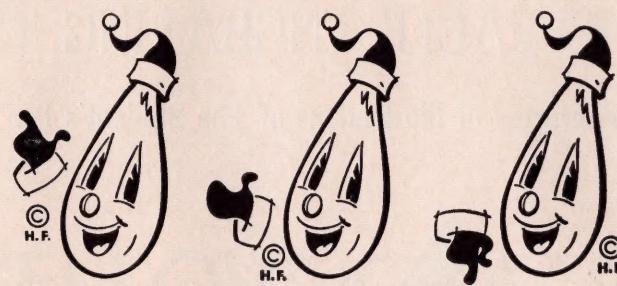


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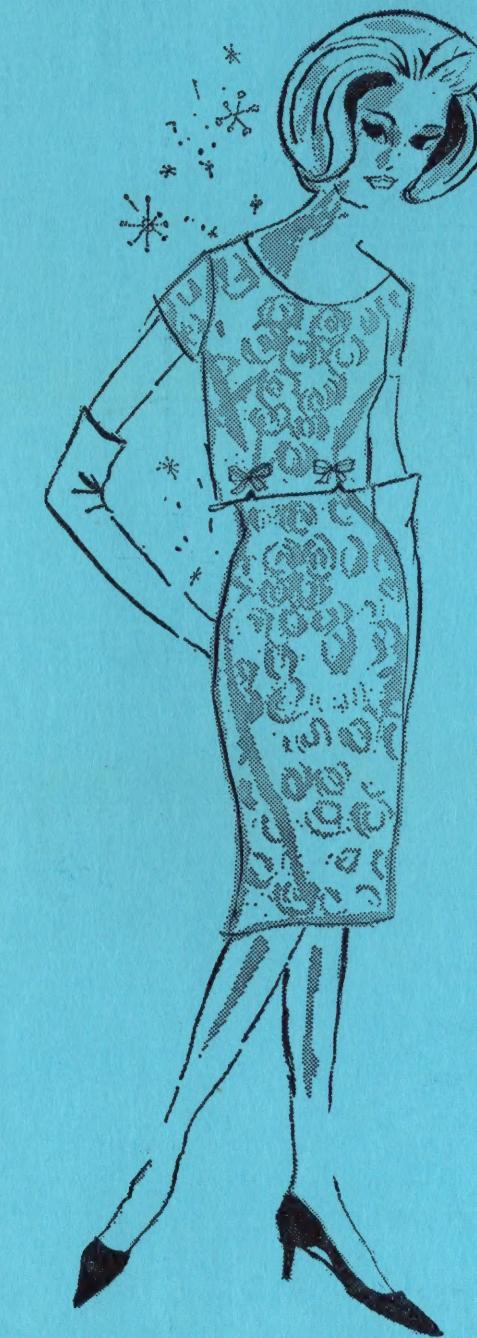
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